

MORE PAGES OF STORIES

AUG. NO. 6

Republ

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

10¢



IN
THIS
ISSUE:

The Mountain Lion Murder

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



PEACEFUL PETE

By R. R. Symes

DEPUTY DEVORE watched through the window as the gray-haired little man clambered up onto the buckboard, clucked to his spavined horse, and rolled off down the rutty main street with a clanking, banging clatter of tinware.

The deputy turned to Sheriff Jim Nash and observed, "There goes one real queer duck."

"How do you mean?" asked Jim.

"Well, the main thing is he goes cavorting around this country, where a man would as soon be without his pants as without a shooting iron, and he doesn't carry so much as a sling shot! It's plumb loco!"

"Maybe we're the loco ones," grinned the sheriff. "Old Pete just doesn't believe in gun-play and he has lived a lot longer than you and me are likely to. Sometimes I think the West would be a lot better off if nobody packed any hardware."

Deputy Devore gave the sheriff a quizzical look. "Surely you're not serious. If we had no guns, how'd we catch outlaws?"

"I said it might be better if *nobody* carried a gun," drawled Sheriff Jim Nash. "But that's not for our day."

"I should say not!" exclaimed Devore. "The only man who doesn't carry a gun is Peaceful Pete, the peddler. Funny thing with him is he won't even carry them in his cart to sell. Shucks, he could be a rich man if he carried a line of Colt .45's and rifles and such. I could do with a new six-shooter myself but when I asked him if he had one in stock he looked real shocked."

The sheriff's reply was interrupted by an excited man wearing a green eyeshade who burst through the door. He was the telegrapher from the railroad station. Breathlessly he said, "Butch Lannigan shot a guard and busted out

of the Brimstone jail. He's headed this way. Happened several hours ago but the line's been out!"

Butch Lannigan had stolen a good horse, and he made fast time as he headed south. Through the wild flat country he was unimpeded, and he saw no people. But he knew he'd have trouble getting through the pass if a road block had been set up, which was most likely.

"Got to get up some kind of disguise," he thought. "Maybe I could dye my face with berries and make like an Indian. Or maybe..."

He saw what would have been an answer to a prayer if he'd been a praying man. It was the clanking, banging peddler cart, driven by old Peaceful Pete and heading north.

Butch pointed his stolen revolver at Pete and ordered, "Reach for the sky!"

Pete calmly raised his hands, saying, "You've no call to fear me, young man. I never carry a shooting iron. I think it's downright sinful."

"Good," said Butch. "Then you do what I say and I won't have to kill you. First, turn your cart around."

"But I just came from there. I'm heading for Brimstone," protested Peaceful Pete.

"You're turning around and heading back," growled Butch, waving his pistol. "I'm giving the orders, see?"

Reluctantly Pete obeyed. Then Butch began moving merchandise around in the wagon bed so there'd be room for a man to stretch out flat. He crawled in and pulled an old tarp over himself. Only his head was clear as he called to Pete, "Look around here. You see how it is? I've got this Colt pointed at the middle of your back. If you do anything I don't like, you

(Continued on inside back cover)

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in the
GREEN-EYED MONSTER

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR JEALOUSY! BUT JEALOUSY CAN BE JUST AS DEADLY AS ANY MONSTER, AS TWO-GUN SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE DISCOVERS WHEN A WOMAN'S VANITY IS TAMPERED WITH OUT ON THE PRAIRIE!

I'LL BET TEN DOLLARS THAT RANCHER TAYLOR BEATS LAWYER DURKIN!

BAM! POW!

THAT'S A BET!

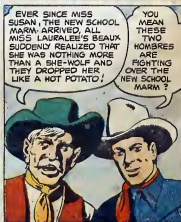
I SAY SHE'S GOING TO THE DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT WITH ME!

AND I SAY YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! SHE'S GOING TO THE DANCE WITH ME!

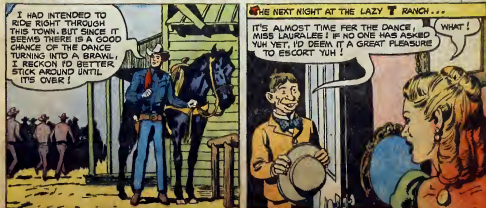
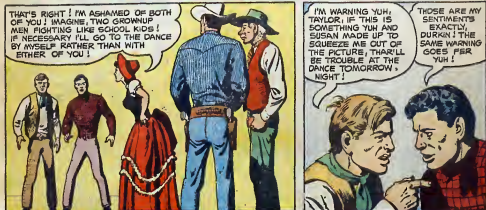
POW! BIFF!

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

GET OUT OF HERE! I'D RATHER STAY HOME THAN GO WITH A LITTLE SAWED-OFF RUNT LIKE YOU! NEVER ASK ME TO GO ANYPLACE WITH YOU AGAIN OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD! GET OUT! GET OUT!



BUT WHY SHOULD I STAY HOME? EVER SINCE THAT SCHOOL MARM CAME TO TOWN, I'VE BEEN FORCED TO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE, AND I'M TIRED OF IT!



I RECKON IT'S TIME I DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO DO, TOO!



NOT THE DANCE... GUNS CHECKED BEFORE GOING INTO THE DANCE



THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YORES, ROCKY, TO MAKE EVERY ONE CHECK HIS GUNS BEFORE ENTERING THE DANCE! IF ANY TROUBLE DOES START, IT'LL BE CONFINED TO FISTS!



I RECKON OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! HERE COMES MISS SUSAN NOW AND SHE'S NOT WITH EITHER OF THEM! NEITHER DURKIN NOR TAYLOR WILL HAVE ANY REASON TO FEEL THAT THEY'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!



BUT HYAR COME THE TWO OF THEM AND THEY DON'T LOOK HAPPY! IF SHE DECIDES TO DANCE WITH ONE AND NOT THE OTHER, WE MIGHT STILL BE IN FOR A FREE-FOR-ALL!

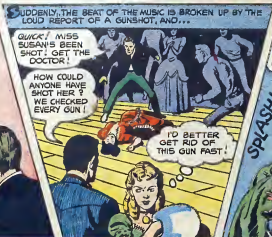




ROCKY LANE WESTERN



---AND I WILL !!



SUDDENLY, THE BEAT OF THE MUSIC IS BROKEN UP BY THE LOUD REPORT OF A GUNSHOT, AND...

QUICK! MISS SUSAN'S BEEN SHOT! GET THE DOCTOR!

HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE SHOT HER? WE CHECKED EVERY GUN!

I'D BETTER GET RID OF THIS GUN FAST!

AS EVERYONE GATHERS AROUND MISS SUSAN...

THEY'RE SO BUSY, NO ONE HAS NOTICED ME!

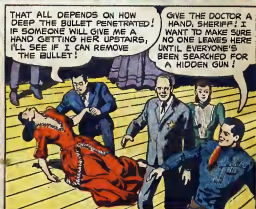
SPLASH!



GIVE HER AIR! GIVE HER AIR!

IT'S A LUCKY THING THE DOCTOR WAS RIGHT HYAR AT THE DANCE!

WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?



THAT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW DEEP THE BULLET PENETRATED! IF SOMEONE WILL GIVE ME A HAND GETTING HER UPSTAIRS, I'LL SEE IF I CAN REMOVE THE BULLET!

GIVE THE DOCTOR A HAND, SHERIFF! I WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE LEAVES HERE UNTIL EVERYONE'S BEEN SEARCHED FOR A HIDDEN GUN!



I DON'T LIKE DOING THIS, BUT EVERYONE WILL HAVE TO SUBMIT TO A SEARCH! THE WOMEN WILL LINE UP ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE ROOM AND THE MEN ON THE RIGHT! THE SHERIFF'S WIFE WILL SEARCH THE WOMEN!

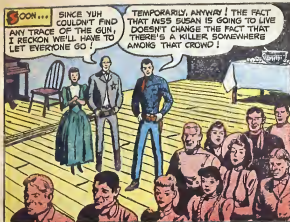


I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL START WITH YOU TWO SINCE YOU HAD THE ONLY MOTIVE I CAN THINK OF AT THE MOMENT! YOU WERE BOTH ANGRY BECAUSE SHE HADN'T COME TO THE DANCE WITH YOU!

LOOK HYAR, MARSHAL, IF YUH THINK I SHOT HER, YO'RE CRAZY! I LOVE HER!

SO DO I!

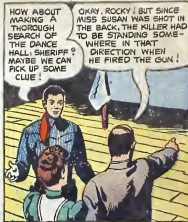
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SOON...

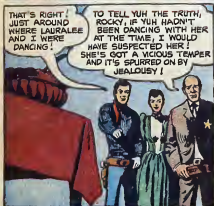
SINCE YUH COULDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF THE GUN, I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO LET EVERYONE GO!

TEMPORARILY, ANYWAY! THE FACT THAT MISS SUSAN IS GOING TO LIVE DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT THERE'S A KILLER SOMEWHERE AMONG THAT CROWD!



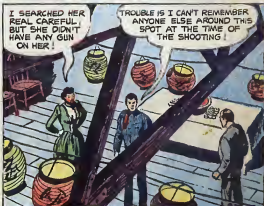
HOW ABOUT MAKING A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE DANCE HALL, SHERIFF? MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP SOME CLUE!

OKAY, ROCKY! BUT SINCE MISS SUSAN WAS SHOT IN THE BACK, THE KILLER HAD TO BE STANDING SOMEWHERE IN THAT DIRECTION WHEN HE FIRED THE GUN!



THAT'S RIGHT! JUST AROUND WHERE LAURALEE AND I WERE DANCING!

TO TELL YUH THE TRUTH, ROCKY, IF YUH HADN'T BEEN DANCING WITH HER AT THE TIME, I WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HER! SHE'S GOT A VICIOUS TEMPER AND IT'S SPURRED ON BY JEALOUSY!



I SEARCHED HER REAL CAREFUL, BUT SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY GUN ON HER!

TROUBLE IS I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYONE ELSE AROUND THIS SPOT AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING!



I'M THIRSTY! DOES ANYBODY ELSE WANT A DRINK WHILE I'M HERE? HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



IT'S A REVOLVER!

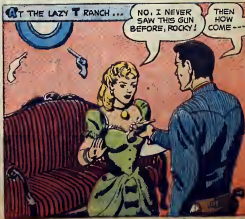
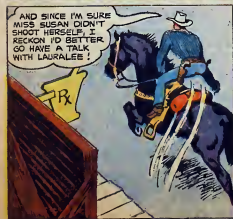
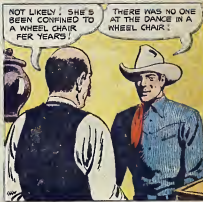
IT MUST BE THE ONE THE KILLER USED!



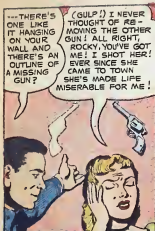
IF THAR HAD BEEN ANY FINGERPRINTS ON IT, THE PUNCH WOULD HAVE WASHED THEM AWAY!

IT WOULD HAVE WASHED THE FINGERPRINTS AWAY, BUT---

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



---THERE'S ONE LIKE IT HANGING ON YOUR WALL AND THERE'S AN OUTLINE OF A MISSING GUN?

(GULP!) I NEVER THOUGHT OF REMOVING THE OTHER GUN! ALL RIGHT, ROCKY, YOU'VE GOT ME! I SHOT HER! EVER SINCE SHE CAME TO TOWN SHE'S MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME!



I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO BE MORE MISERABLE NOW THAT YOU GAVE INTO THAT GREEN-EYED MONSTER, JEALOUSY! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE SHERIFF!

CAN I GET MY HAT AND COAT?

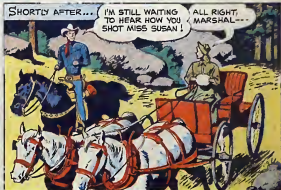


GO RIGHT AHEAD! I STILL DON'T SEE HOW YOU SHOT HER WHILE YOU WERE DANCING WITH ME!



I'LL EXPLAIN ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE!

I COULD KILL HIM HERE, BUT THEN THE FINGER OF SUSPICION WILL SURELY POINT AT ME!



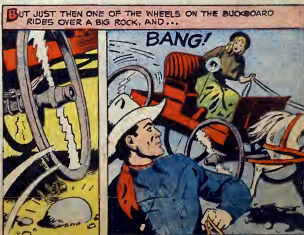
SHORTLY AFTER...

I'M STILL WAITING TO HEAR HOW YOU SHOT MISS SUSAN!

ALL RIGHT, MARSHAL---



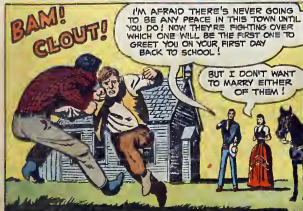
---IF YOU INSIST! IT WAS THIS WAY!



BUT JUST THEN ONE OF THE WHEELS ON THE BUCKBOARD RIDES OVER A BIG ROCK, AND...

BANG!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROPING'N'RIDING With



HOWDY, PARTNERS,

SINCE WE ALL MET HERE LAST MONTH, I HAD A TALK WITH A PARTY OF TENDERFEET WHO WERE MIGHTY CONFUSED BY SOME OF THE WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS USED BY THE COWBOY---WORDS WHICH MEANT ONE THING TO THEM AND SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TO THE COWBOY. I THOUGHT I MIGHT JUST PASS ON A FEW TO YOU, FRIENDS.

A "FORK" TO THE TENDERFOOT, MEANS SOMETHING YOU USE WHEN EATING, OR PERHAPS A TURN-OFF IN A ROAD. TO A COWBOY, "FORK" MOST TIMES IS THE FRONT PART OF THE SADDLE.

A "FROG" TO A COWHAND IS NOT JUST A SMALL CREATURE DOWN AT THE POND. A "FROG" IS THE FAIRLY SOFT, HEART-SHAPED CENTER OF A HORSE'S HOOF. "DRAW" HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MAKING PICTURES TO THE WESTERNER. A "DRAW" IS A SHALLOW RAVINE FORMED BY MOTHER NATURE.

AN EASTERNER HEARING A COWBOY MENTION "BUCKHORN" MIGHT THINK THE COWBOY SPEAKS OF THE HORNS OF A MALE DEER. HE'D BE ONLY MILDLY NEAR THE TRUTH. "BUCKHORN" IS A COMMON NAME FOR A TYPE OF CACTUS WHICH BRANCHES OUT LIKE THE ANTLERS OF A MALE DEER.

YES, PARTNERS, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE HAVE THEIR OWN EXPRESSIONS, THEIR OWN QUIANT MEANINGS. IF, WHEN YOU GO SOMEWHERE, YOU TOOK JUST A LITTLE TIME TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF BEFORE-HAND, WITH THE EXPRESSIONS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PLACE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'D ENJOY YOURSELF A POWERFUL LOT MORE. AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT, IT'D HELP YOU TO UNDERSTAND OTHER FOLKS, HOW THEY TALK AND THINK, AND WHY THEY DO THINGS THE WAY THEY DO. THAT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT THESE DAYS---UNDERSTANDING OTHER PEOPLE. TRY IT---YOU'LL SEE IT'S FUN.

AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO RIDE ON ONCE MORE. BUT I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR REINING-UP HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH, FRIENDS. TILL THEN, ADIOS AMIGOS!

YOUR PALS,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK U



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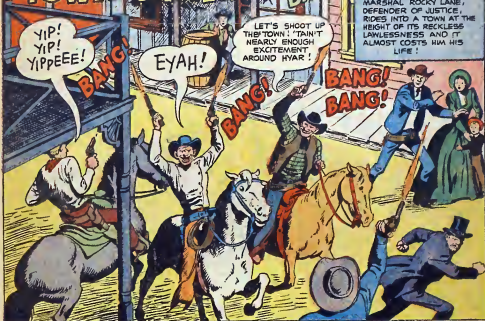
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

in the
TOWN TAMER

ON THE HEYDAY OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER THE LITTLE COWTOWNS WERE DULL AND SLEEPY PLACES ONE DAY AND ON THE NEXT DAY, WITH THE ARRIVALS OF THE TRAIL RIDERS AND THEIR HERDS, THEY WERE TRANSFORMED INTO FIERY, BRAWLING, WIDE OPEN TOWNS WHERE THE SIX-GUN MADE THE RULES AND THE MAN WITH THE FASTEST DRAW WAS ALWAYS RIGHT! SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE, DEFENDER OF JUSTICE, RIDES INTO A TOWN AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS RECKLESS LAWLESSNESS AND IT ALMOST COSTS HIM HIS LIFE!



THERE GO THOSE ROISTERING COWPOKES AGAIN, MAYOR! THEY'RE SHOOTING UP THE TOWN!

BANG! BANG!
E-E-E-AH HOO!

I REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU AND ALL THE OTHER TOWNFOLK ARE AGAINST THEM, JED, BUT THERE'S NO HOLDING THAT WILD ELEMENT!



THEY COME UP THE TRAILS BRINGING THEIR HERDS TO THE RAILROAD HYAR AND WHEN THEY FINISH THEIR TRIK, THEY BECOME A WILD-EYED BUNCH OF LDOC COWPOKES WITH MONEY TO BURN AND ITCHING FER EXCITEMENT!

IF WE HAD A DECENT SHERIFF---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THERE'S NO HOPE THERE EITHER! WHEN THOSE FIRE-EATING WADDIES RAN THE SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN LAST WEEK I COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO REPLACE HIM! NO ONE HAS BEEN FOOL-HARDY ENOUGH TO TAKE THE JOB SO FAR!



MEANWHILE, ON MAIN STREET...

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**

SO THIS IS THE TOWN OF WHEEL RIM! SEEMS LIKE A RIGHT NOISY PLACE! WONDER WHAT THE RUCKUS IS?



SEEMS AS IF THE COWPOKES IN THIS TOWN ARE A MITE OVERACTIVE, BUT I RECKON IT'S ALL RIGHT IF NO HARM IS DONE! I'LL PUT UP AT THE HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT AND THEN MOSEY ON MY WAY!



EYAAHOO!

**BANG!
BANG!**

HEY, BOYS, GET A LOOK AT THIS SCARED RABBIT!

I RECKON HE'S NEVER EVEN HELD A GUN IN HIS HAND!

I KNOW HIM! HE'S THE LOCAL SCHOOL TEACHER!



SO HE'S THE SCHOOLMARM, EH? I'LL TEACH HIM SOMETHING!

NOW, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN...



I'LL TEACH HIM HOW TO DANCE! COME ON, DANCE! LET'S SEE YOU HIGH STEP!



**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**

STOP THAT! LEAVE THAT FELLOW BE!



**BANG!
BANG!**

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ON A BLURRED STREAK OF ACTION, ROCKY LANE'S HAND DROPS TO HIS HOLSTER AND BEFORE THE COWPOKE REALIZES WHAT HAPPENED ...

MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU REALIZE I MEAN WHAT I SAY!

HE SHOT MY GUN AWAY!

BANG!



I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE WITH ME, YUH ORNERY BROOMTAIL!



BUT ROCKY DUCKS THE FLURRY OF FISTS AND WITH ONE WELL-AIMED PUNCH ...



NOW MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE!

ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING!

WOW! DID YUH SEE THET HOMBRE SHOOT? HE'S GREASED LIGHTNING!

YEAH! AND HE'S OKAY WITH HIS FISTS, TOO!



DID YUH SEE THAT TALL STRANGER POLISH OFF THET BIG COWPOKE?

I SHORE DID! YUH KNOW THET STRANGER MIGHT BE A CANDIDATE FER THE JOB OF SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN! GO ON OUT AND BRING HIM HYAR, JED!



WATER ...

I'VE HEARD TELL A HEAP ABOUT YOU, MARSHAL, AND AFTER SEEING YOU IN ACTION I'M SHORE YO'RE THE MAN WE NEED TO CLEAN UP THE TOWN OF WHEEL RIM!

I'M HONORED BY THE OFFER, MAYOR, BUT AS I TOLD YOU I'M A SECRET MARSHAL AND I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS TO GET MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT! THE CHIEF IS WAITING FOR ME!

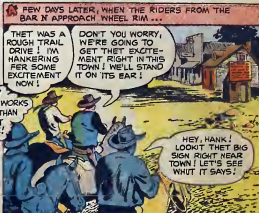
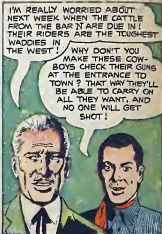


EEEEEE!

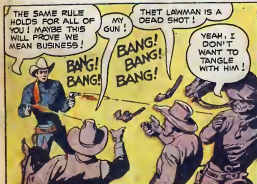
WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM!





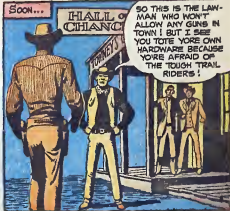
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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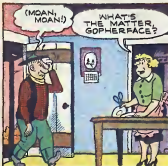


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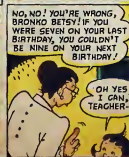
gopher face

SMOKE
DREAMS!



BRONKO BETSY

THE
QUESTION
OF THE
AGES!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

DEE DICKENS SPENDS HIS LAST CENT BUILDING A MASSAGE PARLOR AND FINALLY IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS!



JUMPING TORDSTOOLS! IT'S MR. FINCH, THE OWNER OF THE TOWN BANK! HE'S ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS IN TOWN! IF I CAN GET HIM TO PRAISE MY MESSAGES, I'LL HAVE MORE BUSINESS THAN I CAN HANDLE! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET ON THE GOOD SIDE OF HIM!



HOW DO YUH DO, MR. FINCH! I'M POWERFUL GLAD TO SEE YUH!

THANKS, DEE DICKENS! I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING TOO SPRY SO I FIGURED I'D TRY ONE OF YOUR MESSAGES!



THAT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA, MR. FINCH! IT'LL MAKE A NEW HOMBRE OUT OF YUH! HYAR'S A PAIR OF TRUNKS! GO IN THE OTHER ROOM AND PUT THEM ON!



JEEPERS! THIS IS THE BIGGEST OPPORTUNITY OF MY LIFE! I'LL WORK MY FINGERS TO MR. FINCH'S BONES TO GIVE HIM THE BEST MASSAGE HE EVER HAD SO HE'LL SING MY PRAISES TO EVERYONE IN TOWN AND THEY'LL ALL COME RUNNING HYAR!



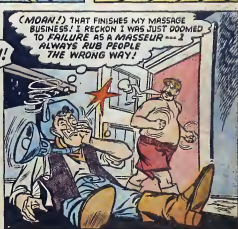
A FEW MOMENTS LATER DEE STARTS HIS MESSAGE AND FOR ALMOST AN HOUR HE RUBS, KNEADS, POUNDS AND PUNCHES TILL BOTH HE AND MR. FINCH ARE ON THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION...



YUH'LL FEEL GREAT BEFORE YUH GET OUT OF HYAR! YUH CAN TAKE A SHOWER AND CRESS IN THE NEXT ROOM THAR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Extra! Extra! EXTRA!

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

THE HUNGRY, WILD COUGARS OR MOUNTAIN LIONS WERE AN EVER PRESENT DANGER TO THE SETTLERS OF THE OLD WEST! BUT MORE TREACHEROUS AND VICIOUS THAN ANY

Rocky Lane

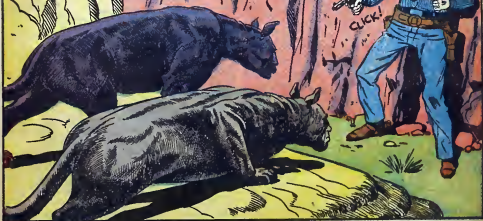
in THE MOUNTAIN LION MURDER



ANIMAL WERE THE OUTLAWS WHO PREYED ON THE TOWNS-PEOPLE AND GOT THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS BY ROBBERY AND MURDER! SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE RISKS HIS LIFE TO BATTLE ONE OF THE TWO-LEGGED CREATURES ---THE BANK ROBBER!

NO MORE BULLETS! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STAND OFF THESE VICIOUS BEASTS NOW!

CLICK!
CLICK!



LOOK HYAR, HASLER! IF THIS TOWN IS PAYING A BOUNTY PER KILLING LIONS, I RECKON THE HILLS MUST BE FULL OF THEM!

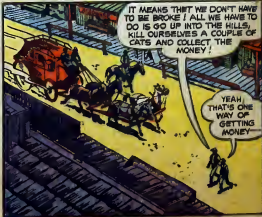
RECKON SO, SCOTT! WHAT ABOUT IT?

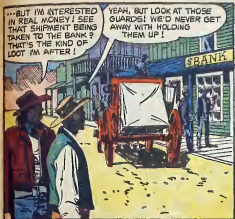
THE TOWN OF CARTWHEEL WILL PAY A BOUNTY OF TWENTY DOLLARS A PIECE FOR EACH MOUNTAIN LION KILLED IN THIS AREA



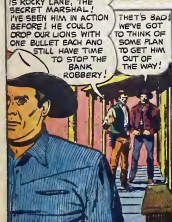
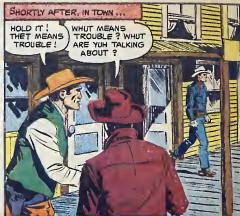
IT MEANS THIT WE DON'T HAVE TO BE BROKE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GO UP INTO THE HILLS, KILL OURSELVES A COUPLE OF CATS AND COLLECT THE MONEY!

YEAH, THAT'S ONE WAY OF GETTING MONEY

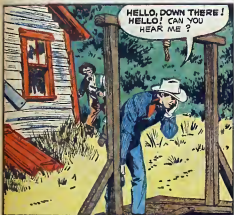
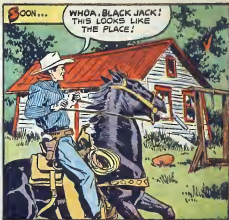




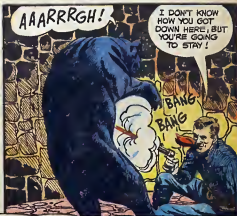
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



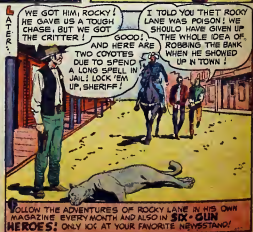
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Peaceful Pete

(Continued from inside front cover)

get the first bullet. Understand?"

Pete nodded.

"Now," continued the jail-breaker, "I want you to drive me through the pass. Very likely some lawmen there will stop you. When they ask if you saw me, you play dumb. You didn't see anybody, understand?"

"Suppose they wonder why I'm coming right back to town when I've just been there?"

"Pretend you've got something to peddle that you forgot about. Act real natural. Don't try to give any alarm, or you'll be peddling harps to the angels!"

Butch pulled the tarp up so it covered his head, but he left enough opening so he could keep his eye on the driver.

Sheriff Jim Nash and Deputy Devore were stopping everyone who came through the pass. They halted Peaceful Pete and asked if he had seen anything of Butch Lannigan, giving a description of the wanted man.

"Nope, I haven't seen anybody," said Pete, all too aware of the gun at his back.

"How come you're headed back this way?" asked the sheriff. "Thought you'd left town."

"Just remembered that the Widow Kelly wanted a new frying pan," said Pete. "By the way, I got a nice shooting iron for sale if you're still interested, Mr. Devore."

The deputy opened his mouth, but was silenced at a gesture from Jim Nash, who said, "Shucks, you're just a mite late, Pete. My deputy got himself a new gun. Reckon you can drive on to the Widow Kelly's. Get moving—there'll be some shooting around here when Butch Lannigan shows up."

Pete clucked to his spavined horse and the creaky wheels began rolling. He dared not look back and the rattling pans set up such a racket that he couldn't be quite sure whether or not two horses were walking slowly after him.

Pete carried buggy whips, but for sale rather than for use. He would never whip his old nag except in an emergency. But he decided this was an emergency. He snapped the whip on the flank of the startled horse. Old Dobbin lurched ahead. Pete pulled sharply on one rein and the horse turned almost at right angles. With a great crash, the cart flopped over on its side.

Butch Lannigan was spilled with the rest of the merchandise. Cursing, he took a flying shot at Pete, and missed. Another pistol cracked, Butch dropped his gun and howled, "Ow, my arm!"

Sheriff Jim Nash returned his smoking gun to its holster and said, "Deputy Devore, put the handcuffs on that man. Then give him an emergency bandage for his wound."

Peaceful Pete took out a large, red bandana and mopped the cold sweat from his forehead. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't sure you got it, Sheriff!"

"I got it, all right," said Jim. "But you were taking a powerful big chance, Pete. You are one real brave hombre!"

"I still don't get it," said Devore. "How in the world did you know Butch was hiding in that cart, Jim? Did you see him?"

"Nope," said the sheriff. "Pete here tipped me off."

"Tipped you off? But he said he hadn't even seen Butch."

SURE. He had to say that with a gun in his back. But he said he was going to sell a frying pan to the Widow Kelly. Right away I knew something was fishy, because there isn't any Widow Kelly in all these parts. And then when he said he had a shooting iron for sale, I really knew something was up. That's when I decided that we'd follow the cart. You know how Peaceful Pete feels about shooting irons—even for sale!"

THE END



Mrs. Ruth Long

Friends! Here's How To Get

AT
Almost

NO COST

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**FREE
FREE
FREE**

(BUDGIE Bird)

Blue, Green or
Yellow
Plumage



Ideal PETS

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